Mickey Mouse

Magazine

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1939
VOL. 4 No. 7

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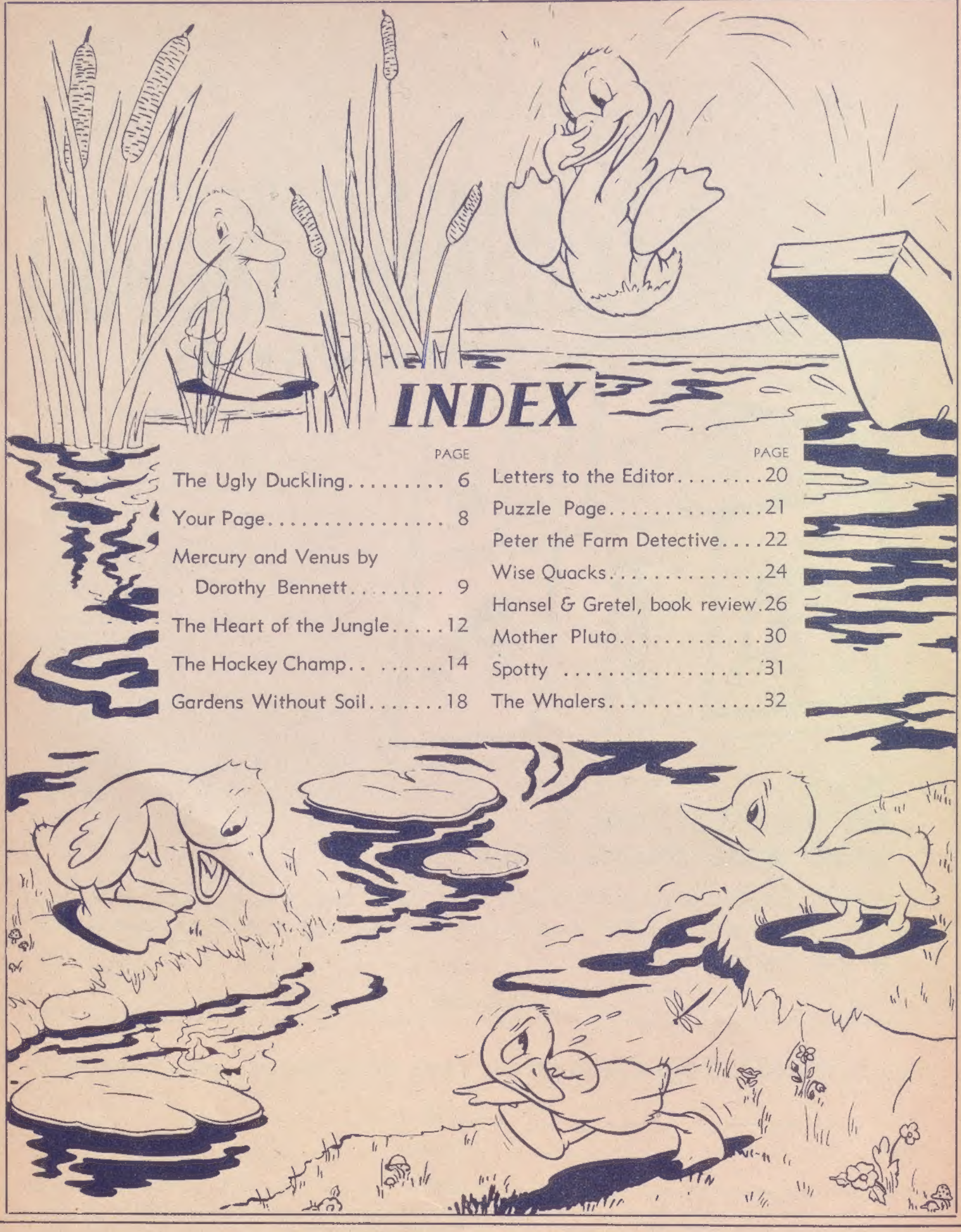

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Mickey Mouse Magazine

MICKEY MOUSE, Editor

KAY KAMEN, Publisher

Just Between Us—

IT'S an ill wind that doesn't blow someone some good—but then perhaps the March winds had not started to blow. It's too bad because poor Donald Duck was certainly going from bad to worse when we last looked in on him in his new picture, THE HOCKEY CHAMP. Now don't get excited—wait until you read the story and then try, just try *not* to get excited! Skip over a couple of pages and you'll find it in this issue.

THAT sounds easy doesn't it? *Skip over a few pages and you'll find it*—well it isn't as easy as you think because THE UGLY DUCKLING is lying there in wait for you. And *I* know you won't be able to resist him. That pathetic duckling without a home and no one to love him will make you love him right from the start.

And after you have read both of these stories be on the lookout for them in your local movie house. Because they'll be coming along in a couple of weeks. If you didn't know Donald Duck could ice skate—well, you'll find out! And then too you'll *hear* the Ugly Duckling's awful "Honk! Honk!" and you'll *see* him cry—perhaps you better make sure to have a hankie or two tucked in your pocket just in case you feel a little weepy too!

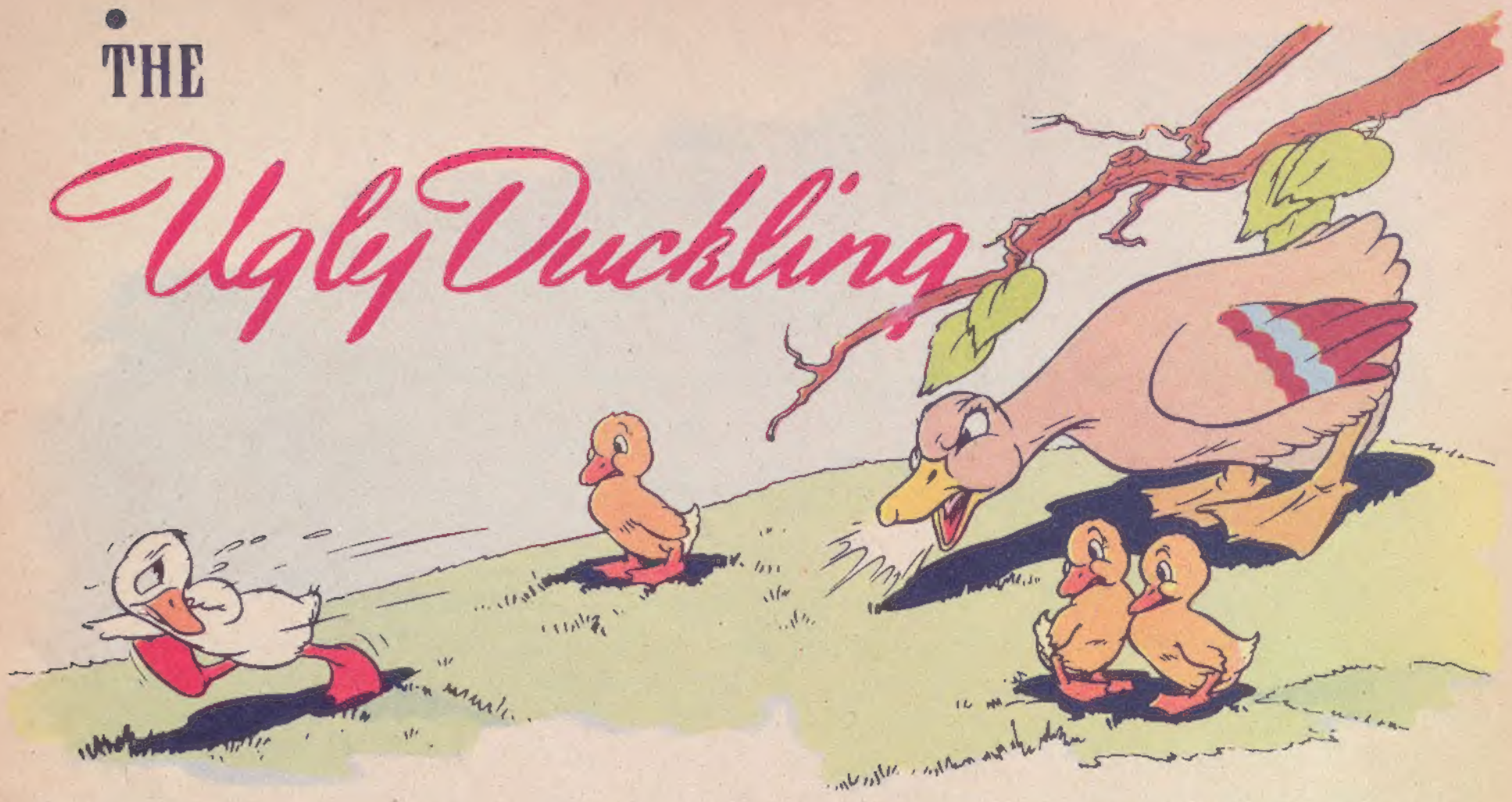
HANSEL and Gretel is an old, old nursery legend that you all know, probably heard it over and over many times. But I wonder how many of you know the music—how many of you have heard the opera? There is a new book which tells the story of Humperdinck's delightful opera and which has the loveliest pictures you ever saw. You'll find a review of this book on page 26.

DID you know that March 19th is David Livingstone's birthday. Or maybe you never heard of David Livingstone who lived a hundred years ago and went off to Africa to fight lions and tigers and have more adventures than you could shake a stick at! We've tried to tell you something about them in *The Heart of the Jungle* in this issue. And don't forget those are *real* lions he met up with—not *imaginary* ones!

NEXT month we will have the big announcement you have all been waiting for—the winners of the Marionette Play Contest! So be *sure* to get your copy of the magazine for April and look for *your* name first thing!

AND there's going to be a *fishy* story about Goofy and Wilbur next month, too. Wilbur is a grasshopper with brains! As a matter of fact he's just about the smartest grasshopper in captivity—because you see Goofy is *awful* fond of him and doesn't let him out of his sight . . . if he can help it!

THE Ugly Duckling



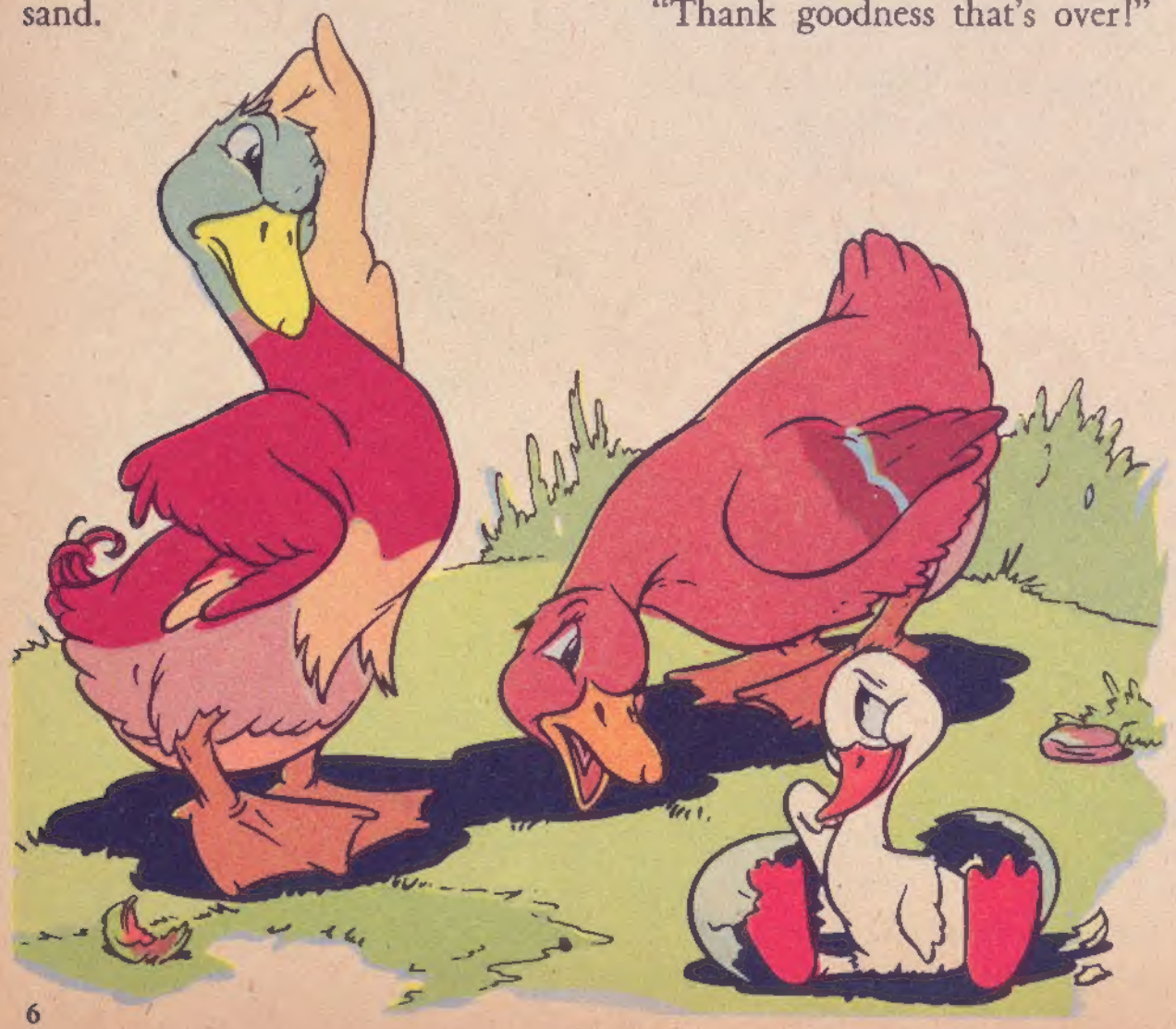
ONE BEAUTIFUL summer afternoon a Mother Duck sat quietly on her nest waiting for her eggs to hatch. Her husband waited too, but he was not so patient. He marched up and down beside the nest and wondered why it took so long. Up and down, up and down, up and down he went. He tramped over the same ground so many times he made a deep trench in the sand.

Then suddenly he heard a sound that made him stop in his tracks—the first baby quack of a little duck! Out he jumped just in time to see four tiny yellow ducklings tumble from the nest.

What a family! He gathered all four of them in his wings and fondled them. For sure they were more beautiful than any other little ducks he had ever seen.

"Thank goodness that's over!" exclaimed the Mother Duck. But then she looked down at the nest and saw that the biggest egg of all had not yet hatched.

"Glory be!" she cried. "How long is this going to last? I'm getting tired of it." And down she sat again.



Pretty soon the big egg began to show signs of life. The Mother Duck hopped off and the Father Duck bent down and tapped it with his bill. There was an answering knock inside the shell. And then two yellow feet appeared, followed by a large fuzzy white head. The last of the new family wriggled cheerfully out of his shell and said, "HONK! HONK! HONK!" very loud.

"Where on earth did you get this?" asked Father Duck in amazement.

Mrs. Duck shrugged her shoulders, completely bewildered, "I don't know," she quacked.

The strange duckling looked up at them happily and squawked again. "Honk!" That made the Mother and Father Duck furious. What a dreadful sound!

"That's certainly a funny looking duckling!" the Father ex-

claimed. "Why isn't he little and yellow and round like the others instead of big and white and lanky? And why does he say Honk! Honk! instead of Quack! Quack!? It's plain to be seen he's no son of mine." And he waddled away with his beak in the air.

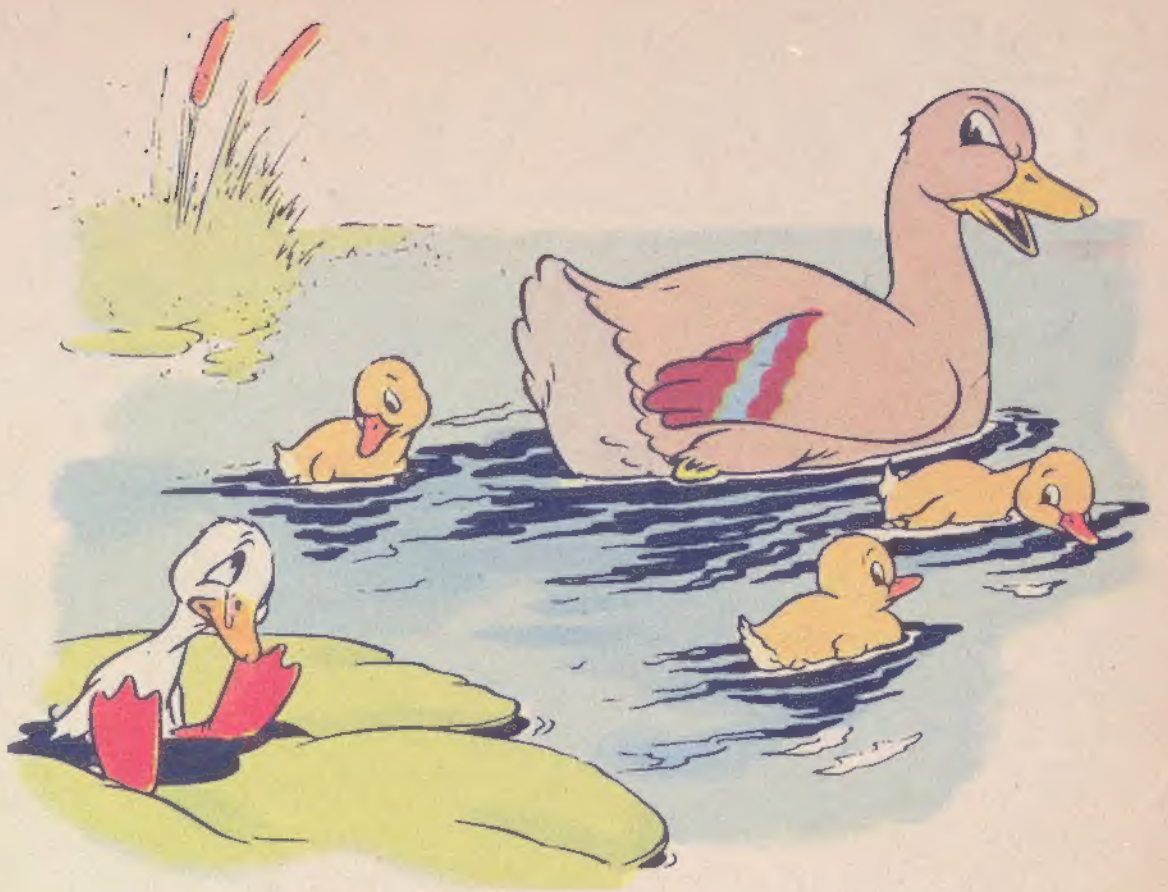
"He's not like us," the Brothers and Sisters quacked. "We won't play with him. He's *ugly!*"

The Mother looked sadly at the Ugly Duckling. "If I have anything to do with him," she thought to herself, "our whole family will be disgraced." And so she gathered the rest of her brood around her and shooed them off toward the Pond.

All alone, the poor Ugly Duckling couldn't understand why every one had gone away and left him. He wanted to play too. So he ran after them. Plop! he went into the water and swam as fast as he could to catch up to his family. They were having lots of fun riding all in a row on their mother's back. He jumped up too and sat on her tail. The Mother Duck swam on serenely, then she raised her head and said, "QUACK!" And all the little ducks answered.

"Quack!"
"Quack!"
"Quack!"
"Quack!"
"HONK!"

The Mother Duck looked around quickly and there looming above the line of fluffy yellow heads was the Ugly Duckling. "Honk!" he said again, and that fearful sound was too much for her. She flipped her tail and dumped him off into the water. But he didn't mind. He thought it was a game. When he came up to the surface again he spouted water like a champion diver and swam after his family. They were just waddling onto shore



so he called out excitedly for them to wait—"Honk!"

The Mother Duck and the four little ducklings turned around and stared. When he scrambled out of the water his mother came over and scolded him and told him to go away. She looked so angry the Ugly Duckling was frightened. He backed away and fell into the water again. And his Mother and Brothers and Sisters turned and hurried off together.

The Ugly Duckling looked after them miserably. "Why won't they play with me?" he wondered. "And why do they call me ugly?" Then he glanced down and saw his reflection in the water. It made him jump. A strange ugly face looked back at

him, not at all like the fluffy yellow faces of his brothers and sisters.

"No wonder they didn't want to play with me," thought the Ugly Duckling sadly as he realized he was looking at himself. "If that's the way I look, I'll go and hide where no one can see how ugly I am."

Not far away he saw the pretty yellow ducklings playing with their Mother Duck. He felt so lonely. Big tears rolled out of his eyes and splashed on the ground. And he waddled off in the opposite direction, toward the forest. He was feeling more and more unhappy as he went along and then he heard the cheery friendly chirping of some baby marsh-birds.

"They sound happy," he thought. "Maybe they will let me play with them!" He found the marsh-birds' nest in the branch of a low tree and hopped up into it. The nest was soft and warm and the Ugly Duckling felt quite at home, with the baby birds pressing close to him and making pleasant sounds. They didn't look angry even when he said "HONK!"

"You're off key," they laughed.

Continued on page 10

I wish I were a little bird,
I would fly so high in the sky,
I would reach that apple tree.
I would fly all around in the clouds.
But, when night came,
I'd wish I were a girl again.

Ellen Kabalznick
Beverly Hills, Cal.
Age 8

Burrel Copass
Columbus, Ga.
Age 11

MR. SUN TRIES TO SEE THE NIGHT

Miss Moon in the Sky was not feeling very well that day. King Sun, sitting in his golden throne, was shining with such radiance, that Miss Moon was quite pale with fright.

King Sun always made fun of poor little Miss Moon in the Sky. He said that she was a very weak, pale creature. He boasted of how much light and heat he brought to mankind. He said that her poor light could neither warm nor brighten the world.

Miss Moon told him about Night. She told of the many far-away suns that bring light to us each night. These far-away suns are known to us as stars. Of course King Sun laughed at these stories. He could not believe that there were other King Suns. *He* never saw them. When he shines in his golden throne, the other suns cannot be seen.

One day Miss Moon had angered King Sun beyond endurance. He decided to come back after hours and see for himself whether or not there was such a thing as black night.

Just as King Sun was retiring behind the gray mountains in the West as was his custom, the pink clouds danced their gayest. Very quietly, King Sun tiptoed back to the East to see what he could see. The fairy-like clouds ran away and King Sun could see only the brightest daylight.

So King Sun, instead of continuing his journey westward, went to sleep on a feather-bed cloud. He slept there until almost midnight. The newspapers of Europe were full of stories of how Day failed to arrive. The radios all over the world were wondering out loud if the world were coming to an end.

King Sun's alarm clock, which he had set for eleven o'clock, rang out. King Sun enjoyed his first sleep in a thousand years so much that the clock rang for ten minutes before he heard it.

Then King Sun put on his softest shoes and stole eastwards. It was the first time that he had ever walked in that direction. He knew that he was disobeying the sacred law of the Universe, but he didn't care. He must find out whether or not there was a Night.

He crossed the mountains but the moment he appeared, Night, all the Stars, and Miss Moon stole away. To King Sun, it appeared that there was no such thing as Night. Wherever he went he found Day, and King Sun never did catch up with Night.

Alice-Marie Movitz
New York City, N. Y.
Age 8

Franklin Kneedler
Guynedd Valley, Pa.
Age 7

I have a turtle,
Her name is Myrtle,
And she could jump a hurdle.
She wiggles,
She twiggles,
And snaps at fingers,
This very peculiar turtle.

Mark E. Fields
Franklinville, N. Y.

We will consider your submission of contributions to this page as permission that they be printed.

MERCURY and VENUS

By Dorothy Bennett, Assistant Curator, Hayden Planetarium

THERE are two planets closer to the sun than the earth is. First comes Mercury about 37 million miles from the sun. Then comes Venus, about twice as far away. Since Mercury is so close to the sun it does not take very long to go around it. 88 days go by upon the earth as Mercury goes once around the sun and completes its year.

In the meantime, Mercury turns just once upon its axis. It does not have a swiftly changing day and night each 24 hours like there is on the earth. Instead, it turns just a little bit as time goes on, always faces the *same* side toward the sun and always turns the opposite side toward the stars.

So the near-by sun shines all the time on one side of Mercury and it grows hot there—nearly five times as warm as our hottest summer day. On the other side where the sun never shines it is nearly ten times as cold as it ever gets upon the earth.

Now, with Venus, it is different. That world is farther from the sun. It is wrapped about with heavy clouds that keep out a great deal of the sunlight. And it turns faster upon its axis than Mercury does, so that the sun rises and sets once each two weeks as we tell time on the earth.

Even though the day is shorter on Venus than it is on Mercury, the year is longer because it's farther from the sun. A year on Venus is about like seven months upon the earth. (225 earth days).

Since both these worlds are nearer to the sun than the earth is, they move inside the orbit of the earth and always stay very close to the sun in our sky. As they move around the sun they can be seen first on one side of it and then on the other. Sometimes they rise before the sun in the morning sky. Sometimes they set after it in the evening sky.

On one side of the airless planet Mercury the sun and the stars can be seen in the daytime because the sky is black. But on the other side the sun is never seen.

They are called morning and evening stars because they do look like stars. Actually they are cold and dark and shine only by reflecting the light of the sun. Sometimes call it spring. As the earth continues round, the sun's rays drop lower still and in December it is summer down south but in the north it is winter.

As the warm rays go south, the sun shines beyond the south pole and does not shine at all at the north pole. The days grow long in the southern hemisphere but they get shorter in the north. The sun shines continuously in the antarctic circle and there is six months of night in the arctic circle.

The geographical zones on the earth have been made because of the way the sun's rays shift. The torrid zone is the place within which the warmest rays may fall —23½ degrees on either side of the equator—23½ degrees as you know, is the amount by which the earth is tipped. The arctic circles are drawn on the earth by the point where the sun's rays stop in winter and where the sun's rays shine beyond the pole in summer. The temperate zones, where most people live, lie in between the two extremes and have summer, winter, spring, and fall because the earth has air and is tipped upon its axis as it moves about the sun.

Our world is a small planet just 8,000 miles in diameter—25,000 miles around. It is the third world from the sun and lies 93 million miles away from it. It is the only world where we are sure that life exists. For a dozen different reasons, and even more than that, the planet Earth is the best one in the whole universe.

As Venus moves around the Sun it seems to change like the moon. When it is very near we see only a thin crescent of light but as it swings around gradually we see a full sunlit half.

THE UGLY DUCKLING

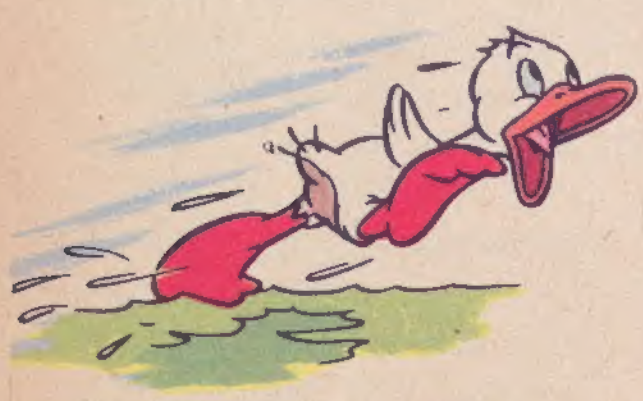
Continued from page 7

"Why doesn't your Mother give you lessons?"

"My Mother doesn't like me," the Ugly Duckling said.

"Don't worry," the little birds said comfortingly, "*our* Mother will like you!"

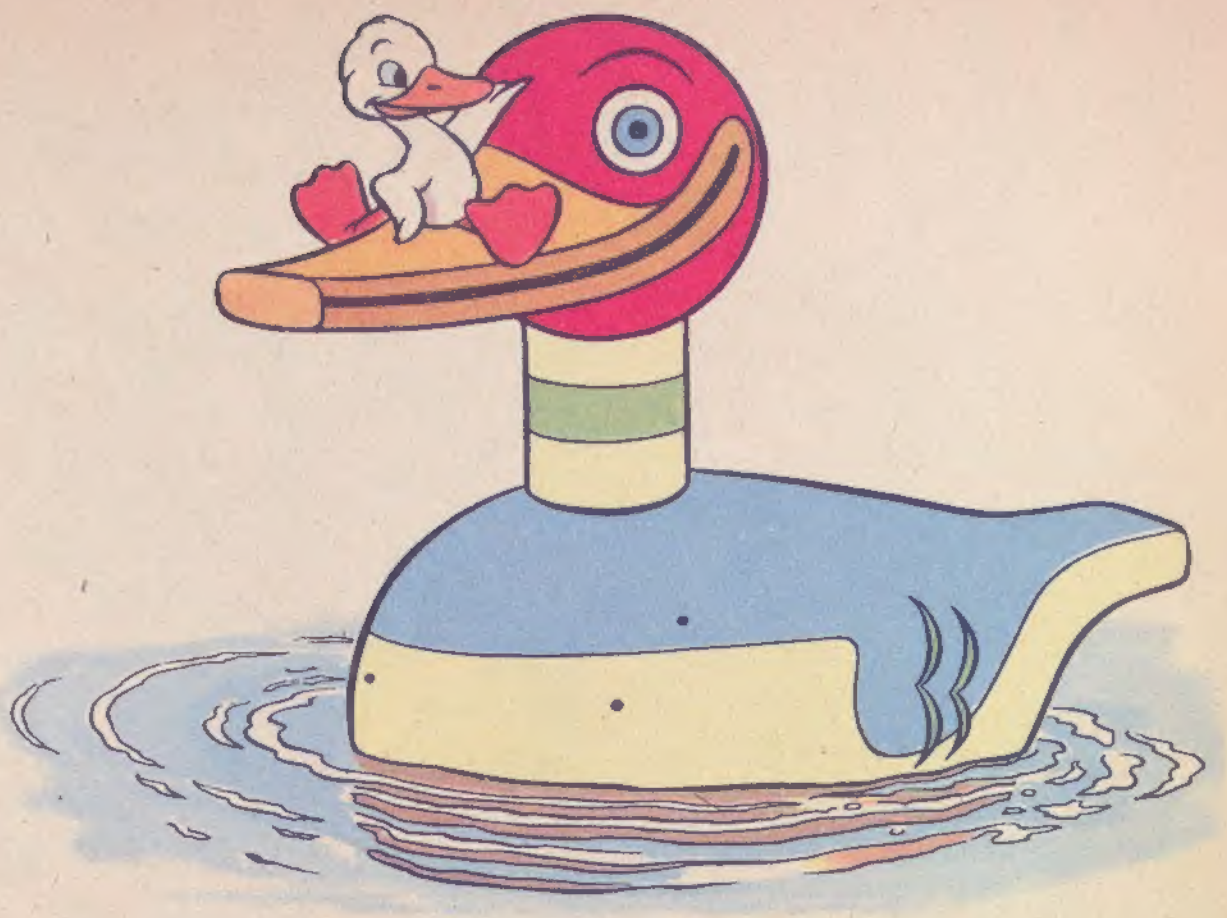
But alas! The Mother-Bird flew back with an enormous worm for her babies, and before she could feed any of them the Ugly Duckling reached up and caught it. The Mother-Bird was furious. She pulled the worm away from him and chased him out of the nest, off the branch and all the way back to the water.



He was swimming away as fast as he could go, when suddenly—bang!—he bumped his head. He looked up and saw a duck with a lovely red head and blue wings. It was rocking back and forth very gently and seemed to be smiling at him.

The Ugly Duckling couldn't believe his eyes. He dived under a water-lily pad and peeked out cautiously. This time there was no mistake. The duck *was* smiling at him! Poor Ugly Duckling! How could he know that this was only a painted wooden duck—a decoy set out in the water by hunters to attract live ducks.

"HONK! HONK!" he cried and swam all around the wooden duck. It still smiled back at him!



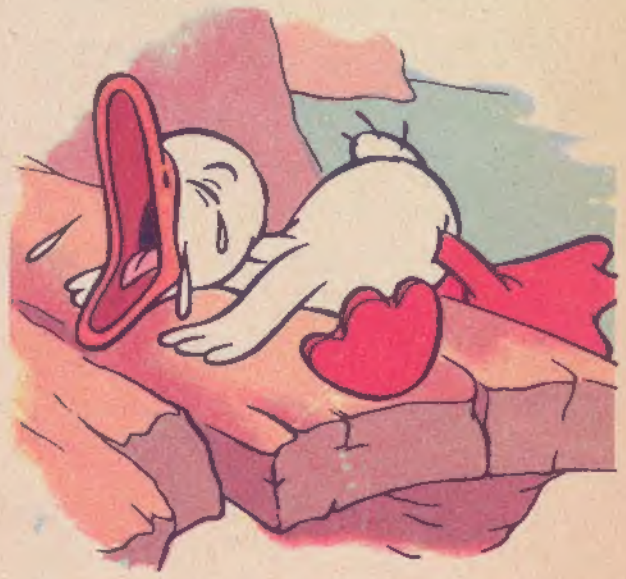
He thought the big beautiful duck was real and bravely paddled up to it. "At last," he said, "I've found a friend."

He even jumped up on the big duck's tail and this made him ride back and forth in the water like a rocking horse. What fun! Then he climbed onto the big beak and rested his head lovingly against the hard wooden head. "Having a friend is nice," he thought as he prepared to dive off the duck's bill into the water.

"Wooosh!" He sailed through the air. Splaaash! He hit the water. And down he went like a plumet almost to the bottom of the Pond, but he bobbed up quickly to the surface again.

Just as he popped up . . . whack! The wooden duck was still rocking. It's head came down and hit the duckling so hard that it knocked him under the water. And this time when he came up to the top he was dizzy and scared. He looked up just in time to see the big wooden head coming down again and off he swam, terrified.

He struggled weakly for the shore and dragged himself up



among the sheltering reeds. Tears came into his eyes. "Everyone in the world hates me because I'm so ugly," he sobbed. And he crept out on a floating log and drifted along in the sun. The pain in his head and the pain in his heart were too much for him,

so he lay down on the log and cried and cried.

"Honk!

Honk!

Honk!

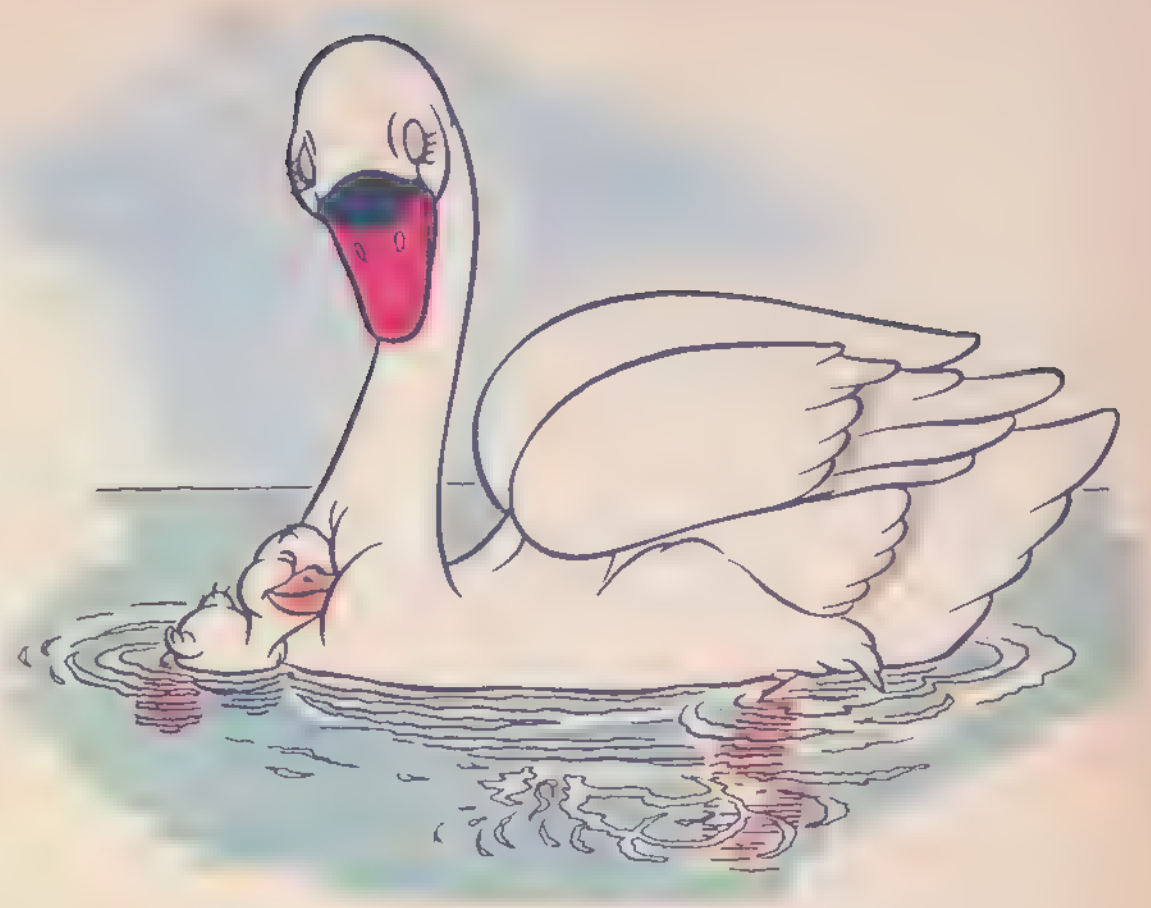
Honk!"

The Ugly Duckling looked up and brushed away his tears so he could see better. And there right in front of him, paddling in the water, were four little fuzzy white creatures just like himself.

"What's the matter—crying on a beautiful sunny day like this?" they all asked at once. "Come on in and play with us."

The Ugly Duckling dried his tears and dived off the log and swam around with the little swans. They played tag and had water races. And just as the Ugly Duckling was having more fun than he had ever had in his life, he looked up and saw . . . the most beautiful white bird in the world!

"Mother, Mother!" cried all the little swans. "We've found a little brother, and he's going to play with us forever."



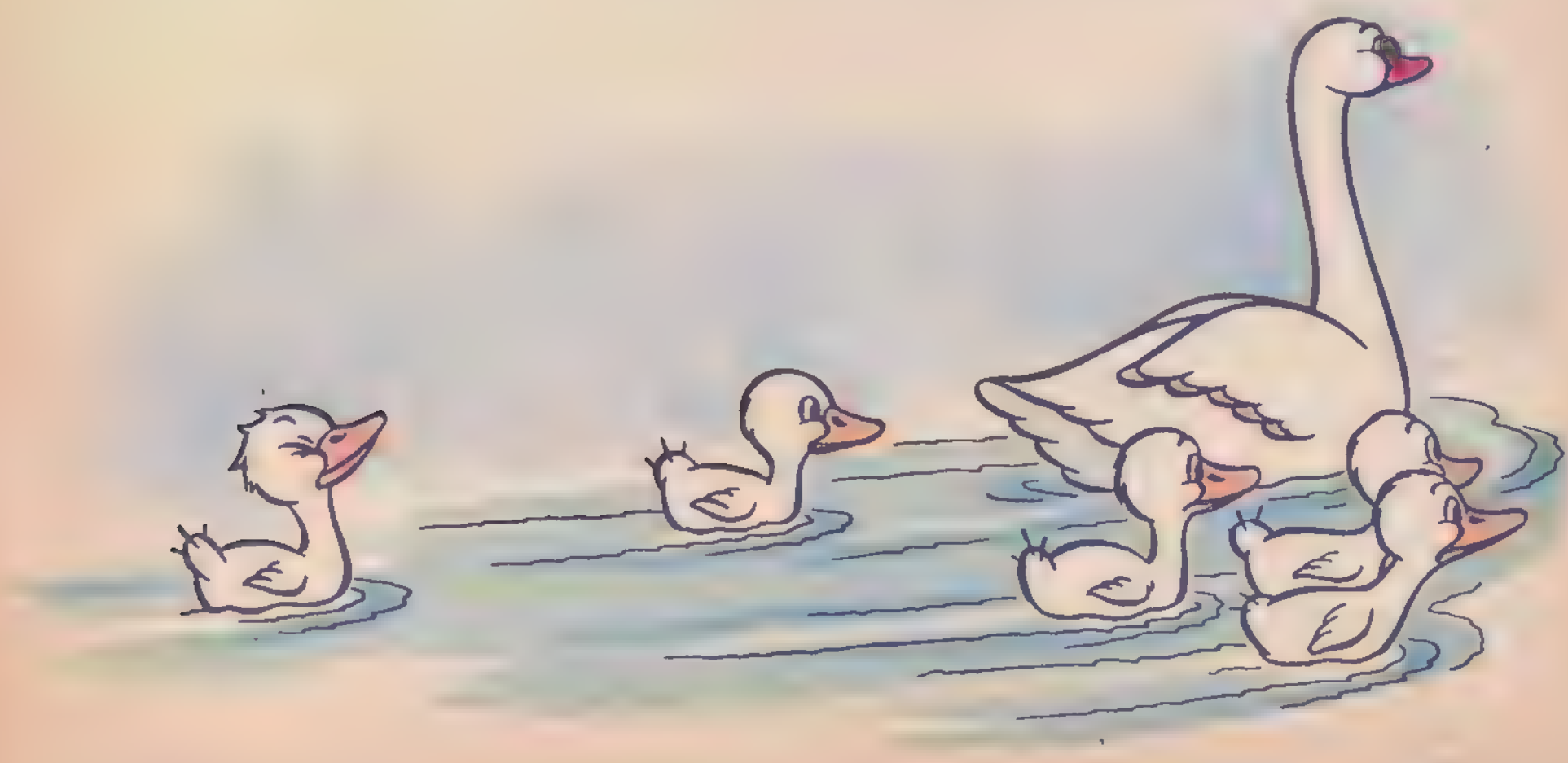
"Of course he is," said the beautiful swan in a gentle voice, and she folded the Ugly Duckling in her soft white wings and told him the truth about himself.

"You're not a duckling at all," she explained. "You're a lovely little swan and some day you will be king of the Pond."

The Ugly Duckling looked up in amazement. She was so gentle and friendly that all of a sudden it seemed his little heart would burst with happiness. He nestled close to her a moment and then they all swam off happily together.

On the shore the Mother Duck and her little yellow ducklings were surprised to see what had happened to the Ugly Duckling. "Come on back and play with *us*," they called.

But the Ugly Duckling held up his head and sailed majestically away with the Swans.



"DAVIE! Davie!"

The little boy turned over in bed.

"It's time ye were up," said his mother. She spoke softly, so that the other children would not be awakened.

"Aye," answered David. "I'll be up."

He opened his eyes. It was still black night out of doors. Why did the cotton mill have to open so early? It seemed as if he had only been asleep for five minutes.

He jumped up, shivering with cold, for winters in Scotland are bleak. Then he hastily pulled on his clothes and poured some water into the wash basin.

"The porridge will warm ye," said his mother, filling a large bowl with oatmeal.

David ate heartily. Then he hurried over the cobblestones to his place in the factory. He must be there among the whirring wheels when the church clock struck six.

This was the hard childhood of David Livingstone, who grew up brave enough and strong enough to fight the lion and the rhinoceros in the jungle. He was only ten years old when he started to work in the factory, and at that time, a little more than a hundred years ago, boys worked for fourteen hours a day. From six in the morning until eight at night, David was kept busy.

Perhaps even in those days he dreamed of the journeys he was going to take. At least, we know that he was determined not to spend his life in a cotton mill, for while he worked, he studied.

He propped up a book on one of the machines. First, it was a Latin grammar. And whenever he passed it, his quick eye took in a line at a glance. Imagine studying with all the clatter and roar of machinery about you!

But there were not only Latin books for the boy to read. He picked up geography in the same way. And he may have been thrilled to see the map of Africa, which in the 1820's had large sections marked *unexplored*. Africa was still the Dark Continent.

AFRICA IN 1820

SOME years later, Livingstone was promoted to the position of cotton spinner and he made enough money to take courses at the university. There he studied not only Greek and Latin, but medicine and religion, because he had decided to become a missionary.

He wanted to go into some part of the world still unknown to white men. At first he thought this would be China. But one day after he had left Scotland and gone to London, he met a man who had just come back from the heart of Africa. So fascinating were the stories he told, that Livingstone was eager to follow him. Africa, with all its jungles and hardships, that was the place where he must go.

To tell the thrilling adventures and narrow escapes of David Livingstone, would fill a volume. But two or three of them will give a picture of his courage and of the excitement that filled his life.

When he arrived at Capetown, he had a most unpleasant shock. For a long time he had heard about the slave trade, but what he actually found, was worse than anything he had ever imagined.

England had abolished slavery some years before, but loads of them were still being taken to the United States. The Boers, who were Dutch settlers in Africa, and certain lawless Englishmen, made raids on the African native villages and seized men, women and children to send away as slaves.

Of course many of the settlers grew rich in this way, and they hated Livingstone when he preached against them. But he couldn't bear to stand by and see any living thing treated cruelly. So he fought the slave trade with all his might.

When he went out into the jungle to preach and to heal the sick, he had to show the natives he was their friend, and that he would not hurt them.

IT WAS while living among a tribe of black men, away from any white settlement, that he had his famous Lion Hunt.

A number of lions had been

Continued on page 25

the Hockey Champ

ONE CRISP winter day, Uncle Donald Duck asked little Dewey, Huey and Louie if they would like to go skating with him.

"I'll teach you how to play hockey," he promised.

So while his three nephews hurried off to get their skates and hockey sticks, their Uncle went down to the Pond for a little fancy skating.

Donald was in fine form! He zoomed over the ice on one skate and cut figure eights and circles. He twirled like a top and unwound and rewound his muffler.

"Who is this Sonja Henie anyway?" he blandly murmured.

By the time Dewey, Huey and Louie had found their hockey sticks and skates, Donald Duck was warmed up and ready to teach them a few tricks.

Then the fun started. Crack! Whack! The nephews fought and shoved and tried to hit the puck, but all they really did was hit each other.

Suddenly Huey made a strike! The puck zipped across the Pond —hit a bank of ice and bounded back. It caught them all in the midriff and tumbled them into the goal net.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Donald. "You're supposed to put *this* in the net!" And he flipped the puck with his stick.

The nephews got up and brushed themselves off.

"What do you know about hockey, Unca Donald?" they asked.

"Who, ME?" cried Donald. "Oh, not much . . . I'm only the *Champ!*"

And he pulled something out of his pocket that gleamed like gold in the sun. He pressed a little knob and *zippo*—his nephews beheld a beautiful folding cup! Donald held the glittering trophy up for all to see and proudly read the inscription aloud, "Hockey Champion of Duck Swamp."

"Ah—Fooey!" his nephews yelled nudging each other.

This was too much for Donald.

"I see a demonstration is in order . . . So, I'll just beat all three of you together. How's that?" he bragged.

"Okay! Okay!" they shouted.

Donald placed the puck in position.

"Hockey one," he cried, "hockey two, hockey *THREE!*" And zip! before his nephews could move a muscle, Donald swept the puck off down the ice and made a goal.

He was feeling pretty cocky as he skated back to his little nephews.

"*This* time," he said, "I'll do it blindfolded."

While he was tying the blindfold. Huey, Dewey and Louie went into a huddle.

"Are you ready?" Donald called.

"Just a minute, Unca Donald," they answered sweetly.

As Donald waited, with his handkerchief over his eyes, Dewey sneaked behind him and took the puck away.

"We're ready now!" they chorused, so Donald began to count.

"Hockey one. Hockey two. Hockey *THREE!*"—and Donald swung his stick over the place where the puck had been.

Whoosh!

Huey and Louie locked their sticks together and tripped their unsuspecting Uncle. Then all three nephews merrily raced for the other side of the Pond.

"So, you're going to be rough, are you?" Donald spluttered as he picked himself up and tore the blindfold from his eyes.

"I'll get you," he yelled, and away he skated after them.

Around the Pond they raced! At last, Donald thought he had them—crouching right in front of him.

Crash!

What he had really seen was their reflections in a piece of ice.

He was feeling pretty groggy when he picked himself up and saw his little pupils tunnel into a snow bank at the other end of the Pond. But he was determined to get even, so he plowed after them into the drift with such terrific speed, he disappeared entirely!

And just as his head popped out—Zing!—the puck sailed through the air and knocked off

his cap! Down he went into the snow again, but this time he emerged with the puck in his hand and enormous turban of snow on his head. He looked like a man from India.

"I've got it!" he yelled.

"You mean you *had* it," cried Dewey, who unexpectedly broke out of the snow turban and smacked the puck with his hockey stick. Away the nephews went, tunneling under the snow again. Donald lost no time; going in the snow after them. But suddenly he started to fall and *Crash!* he hit some ice. Crack! it broke, and Donald took an icy bath. He had fallen down a hidden well!

"Help! Help!" he yelled reaching around blindly for something to cling to. His hand touched a rope. He was saved! Painfully, he pulled himself out, hand over hand. The nephews were back on the Pond, skating around as though nothing had happened.

"I'll skin them alive," Donald muttered as he floundered toward them.

His nephews saw him coming and skated away. Uncle Donald wasn't fooling this time, and he easily overtook them. But as he skimmed by, Huey grabbed Donald's scarf and braced himself. Poor Donald! He whirled around like a pinwheel and skidded into a big tree embedded in the ice. Icicles and snow showered down and buried him. When he scrambled to his feet and his nephews saw him, they shook with laughter. Two big icicles protruded from Donald's head and made him look like a devil.

"Unca Donald is a devil!" they shouted. This made Donald so mad that he felt hot all over and the two big melting icicles turned quickly into steam!

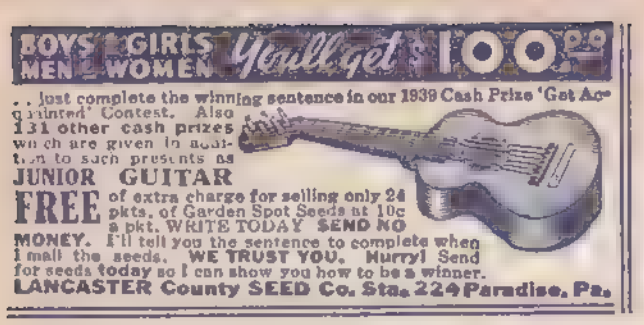
"So, you still want to play rough!" Donald spluttered.

"You bet we do," the three of them chorused. And Louie passed the puck to Donald with all his strength.

"Hey!" Donald yelled. "DON'T . . . glub!" He'd swallowed the puck, and it was stuck in his throat! But the mischievous nephews were quick to whack him on the back with their sticks, and he coughed it up.

By this time Donald had had enough hockey. He was all in. So he tried to escape his playful nephews by skating down the river that flowed out of the Pond. But he couldn't shake them—they were right behind him!

In his hurry to get away, Donald had forgotten the open water at the falls and skimmed around just in time to avoid a ducking.


BOYS GIRLS MEN WOMEN You'll get $100.00
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which are given in addition to such presents as
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FREE of extra charge for selling only 24 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a pkt. WRITE TODAY SEND NO MONEY. I'll tell you the sentence to complete when I mail the seeds. WE TRUST YOU. Hurry! Send for seeds today so I can show you how to be a winner.
LANCASTER County SEED Co. Sta. 224 Paradise, Pa.

As he skidded, ice chips flew up and froze in a curious little arch over the water. This worked out fine for the nephews. They skated right up over this newly formed bridge and continued their chase.

Donald fled up the river toward the Pond again, but here he found more open water! Oop—he gave a tremendous leap and landed on a floating cake of ice. He was going so fast the ice cake was propelled through the water like an aquaplane.

Dewey and Huey boosted Louie onto their shoulders and used their hockey sticks to vault from one ice cake to another. As they caught up with Donald, Louie twirled his hockey stick like a polo mallet and knocked their battered Uncle off his piece of ice onto the hockey rink.

Donald skidded around and around and into the hockey net with such force the ice gave way and down he went.

Splash! the water and Donald rose up out of the hole and froze. Donald peered out of his ice pillar. "I think I'll stay up here for a while," he said. "It's a lot more peaceful."

Do you know these?

Joe the jolly sailor has collected some riddle twisters to try out on your friends.

Why is a flag like the sea?
Because they both wave in the breeze.

What does a white stone thrown in the sea become?
Wet.

How does a sailor know there are mountains in the moon?
Because he's been to see (sea).

What is the difference between water and time?
Water finds its own level, but time levels all things.

When is a boat like snow?
When it's adrift.

Why is a stiff man like frozen water?
Because he cannot run.

Why is the sea restless?
Because it has so many rocks in its bed.

Why can't you starve at the seaside?
Because each wave comes in with a roll.

What is the difference between an angler and a dunce?
One baits his hook and the other hates his book.

When is a fisherman like a burglar?
When he is out for a haul.

Gardens without Soil

NOW THAT the days are getting a little longer, it is hard to wait for Spring. Of course according to the calendar, Spring does come on the twenty-first of March, but in the northern states, it is usually a lot later than that before we have really warm days. And it is certainly much later before we can plant seeds out of doors.

But some of us begin to have Spring fever early in March. We just can't wait to see something beginning to grow. And the best thing to do when you have that feeling, is to plant some seeds.

You don't need to go to the florist to get plants and soil in fancy pots. Go to the kitchen instead, and get some coffee cans, or any kind of cans that have screw tops, so that you won't cut your fingers on sharp edges.

If you live in the city, you may say: "But I haven't any soil, and I don't know where I can get it." Or you may even say: "My mother won't let me bring dirt into the house." But that doesn't matter because you don't have to use dirt.

Fill your coffee cans with sand!

A few years ago, if you had told anyone you were going to plant seeds in sand, he would have laughed at you. Nothing grows in sand. But in various places called *Agricultural Experiment Stations*, scientists have been working, and have proved that often it is better to use sand than soil.

Seashore sand is good, but a ten cent box of bird sand carried in pet shops and grocery stores may be easier to get. Make two tiny holes with a long tack, in the base of your coffee can, so that it will drain properly. They must be very small or the sand will run out.

Then fill the can with sand. If you wish to be a really professional gardener, buy a clothes sprinkler at the five and ten to water your plants; and a little saltpeter at the drug store. The saltpeter is very important because it is used as fertilizer.

Dissolve a teaspoonful of saltpeter in a cup of water and sprinkle the sand with it, until it is thoroughly damp. If your can is good sized it will take about a cupful of liquid to drench it.

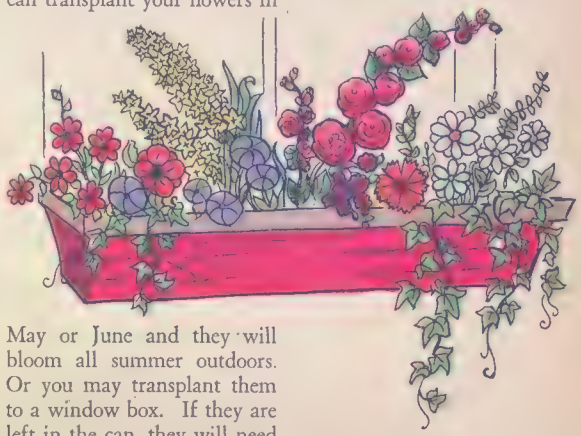
Now the seeds may be planted. On most of the packages the directions will tell you how deep they should be and how far apart. Choose a plant like the zinnia or petunia for more rapid flowering.

After the seeds have been planted, they need very little care until they begin to grow. If the sand seems to dry out, sprinkle it again with plain water. But don't soak it. Just dampen the surface.

When the plants begin to grow they should be placed in a sunny window as often as possible. And after they have

grown an inch or so, a little more saltpeter may be mixed with the water. This will feed the roots and make them strong.

If you have a garden, you can transplant your flowers in



May or June and they will bloom all summer outdoors. Or you may transplant them to a window box. If they are left in the can, they will need more water as the days grow warmer.

If you happen to live on a farm where chemical fertilizers are used, a teaspoonful of the one called 5-8-7 may be put in the water instead of the saltpeter. This will also feed the plants very well and make them large and healthy.

SOME scientists have found that plants can be raised just as well in water mixed with saltpeter or a chemical fertilizer. And it is perfectly possible for you to have a garden in bottles, if you want one.

The only trouble about the water method is that there is nothing to support the plants. In sand the roots have something to cling to, but in water, they must be tied up or held in place by a strainer. Because it is so much easier to plant the seeds in sand, that method is the one recommended.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Dear Mickey:

Now that "Letters to the Editor" has extended to two pages the letters that we write to you will get in the Magazine (I hope).

I have a copy of the Mickey Mouse Magazine that is two years old and the comparison between the old and the new one is unbelievable. I'm beginning to wonder what the Magazine will look like five years from now.

Stanley Goldberg
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Mickey:

How are you? I just want to tell you I want the Magazine for another year. I have been intending to send a subscription before but I didn't.

Tell Clara that she looks pretty with a patch over her eye. Tell Donald not to spill the ink over his page or else it won't get in the Magazine.

Not getting your Magazine every month I went to the village and got one, so I got it just the same.

Avis Lorraine Fosselt
Round Pond, Me.
Age 10

Dear Mickey:

My little sister says she can't write good so she says she loves you. My big sister and I enjoy your Magazine very much.

My cat had five kittens, and they are all gray. My little dog gives his love to Pluto.

Harriet Cooper
La Crescent, Cal.
Age 8

Dear Mickey Mouse:

I have been sick for three days. We found a baby cat in our garage one morning. I hope I can see "Brave Little Tailor" when it comes at the picture show. Don't forget you killed seven flies instead of giants.

Pat Ryley
Haileybury, Ont., Can.
Age 8

Dear Mickey:

I love your stories. I have never written a letter to you, but I always have had your Magazine. I love to read your Wise Quacks and I love Dopey, and "Topsy-Turvy Circus," and "The Little Gray Man," and "The Elephant Buys a Horse," and your comics.

Jane Louise Ingalls
Squantum, Mass.
Age 8

Dear Mickey:

I think that Mickey Mouse Magazine is the best Magazine in the whole world. On my birthday I got a dollar so I sent in for my subscription. Wise Quacks is my favorite section (better not tell Donald, he's too conceited already).

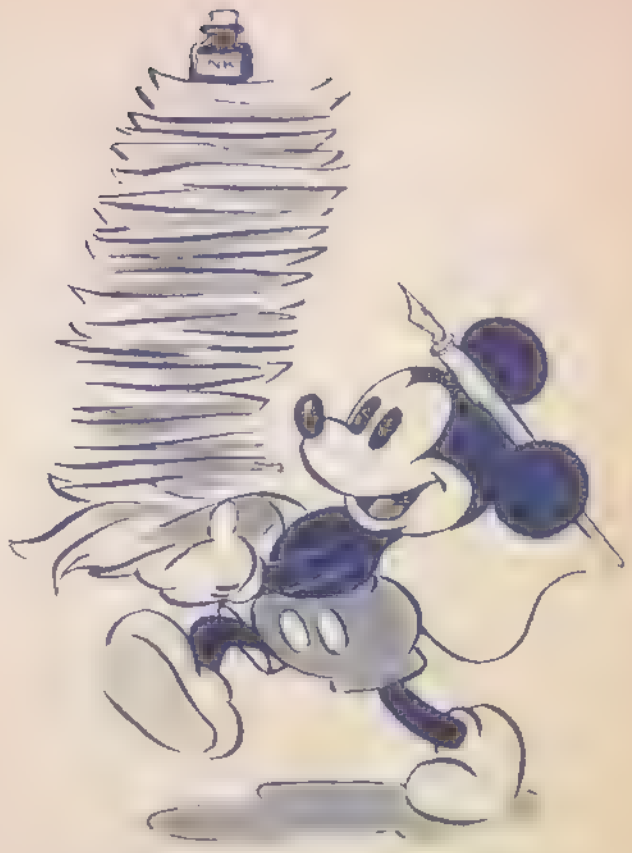
Mary Lee
Hubbard Woods, Ill.

Hello, Everybody:

Just enough room left for me! Be sure not to forget to write your name and address and age at the bottom of your letter and send to: Editor, Mickey Mouse Magazine, 1270 Sixth Ave., New York City.

Your pal,

Mickey



Dear Mickey Mouse:

I have been reading your magazine for quite a long time and I have enjoyed it very much. Let me congratulate you on your success. A few weeks ago my mother took me to Mexico City. The weather there is beautiful compared to our's. My mother was very good to me while being there. She bought me a charro suit, a 20 peso parcheese, some spalding gloves, and a German camera. That was while in Mexico, but now that I am in my hometown—no go. Glad I fell in with you.

Manuel Cesar Galicia Perea
Laredo, Texas
Age 9

Dear Mickey and Minnie Mouse:

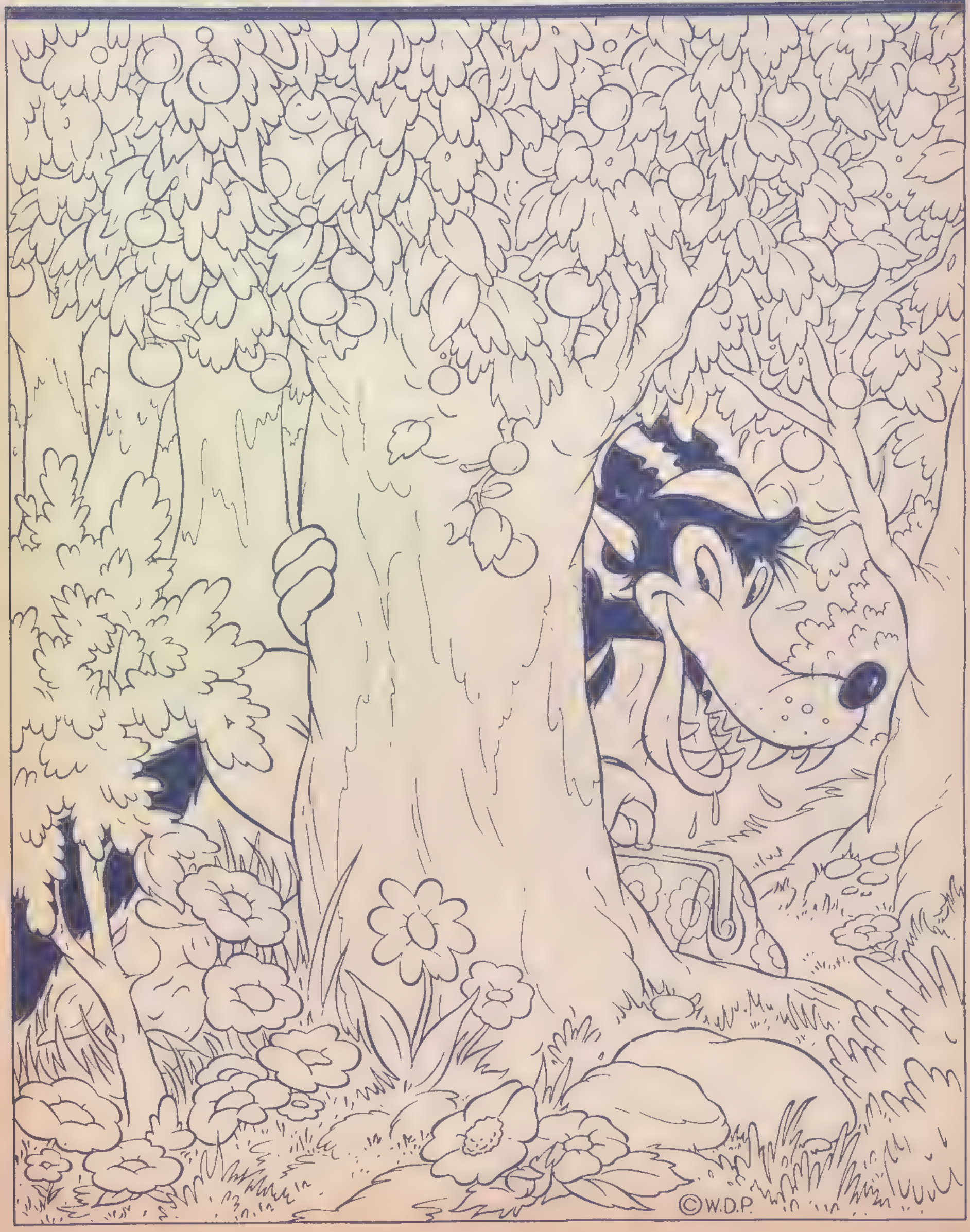
I hope I see you in the Magazine and I hope I see good pictures of Mickey and Minnie. I love to see Mickey in the funnies and the movies. I like Happy and Dopey the best.

I'm making a fort and Bell makes them too. I hope Bell writes to you too.

For Minnie my love—and for Mickey my love.

Pat Taylor
Honolulu, Hawaii
Age 5 1-2

The Big Bad Wolf thinks he is smart;
The three pigs think that too--
But if you find them first, you'll find
He's not as smart as you.



PETER THE FARM DETECTIVE

ONE thing puzzled Abraham Lincoln very much. Why did Peter insist on calling him Watson when everyone else called him Abe.

"What I lak to know is why you all call me Watson foh all the time?" he asked Peter one day.

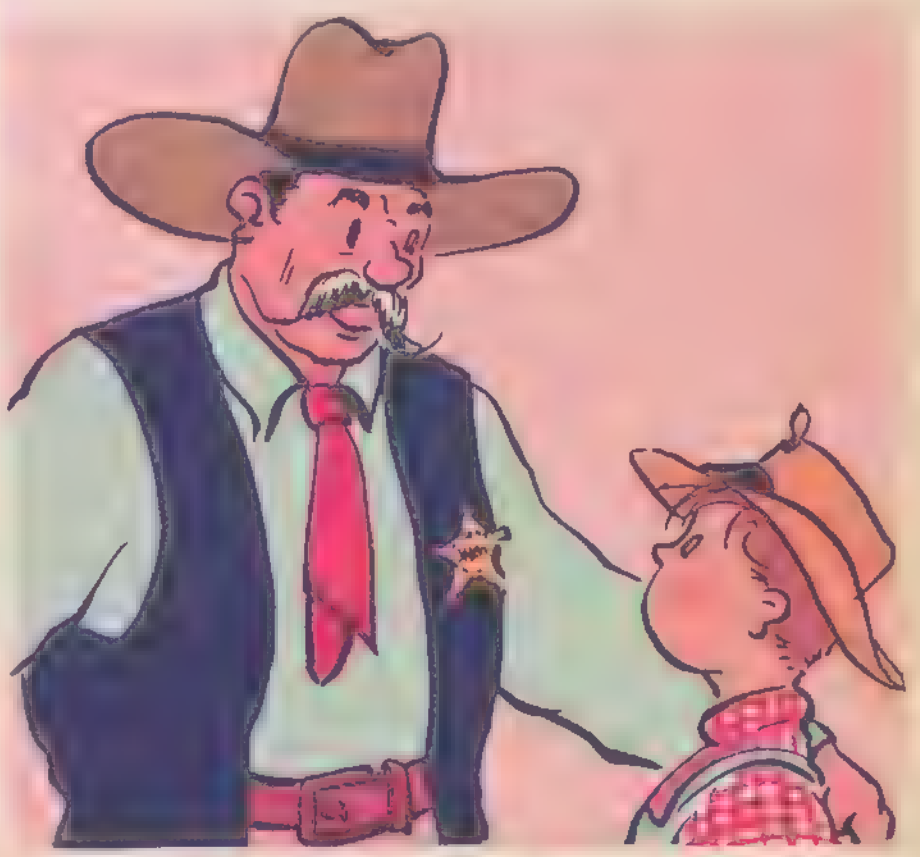
"Climb up and I'll tell you," Peter said. He was only too glad to talk about his favorite hero.

"You see, it's like this," he began when Abe was swinging his feet beside him on the board fence. "Once there was a great detective and his name was Sherlock Holmes. He was the smartest man I ever knew."

"Was he a close relation?" asked Abe.

"Well, no, but we have a lot in common," Peter admitted. "That's what gave me the idea of calling you Watson because Sherlock Holmes' best friend was named Watson and he always thought of things *after* the great detective had worked it out."

"Well, so longs that makes me your friend I guess it's a pretty good name," said Watson, grinning from ear to ear.



"Good morning, Peter," said the Sheriff as he came along the road. "How'd you like to help me on a little job?"

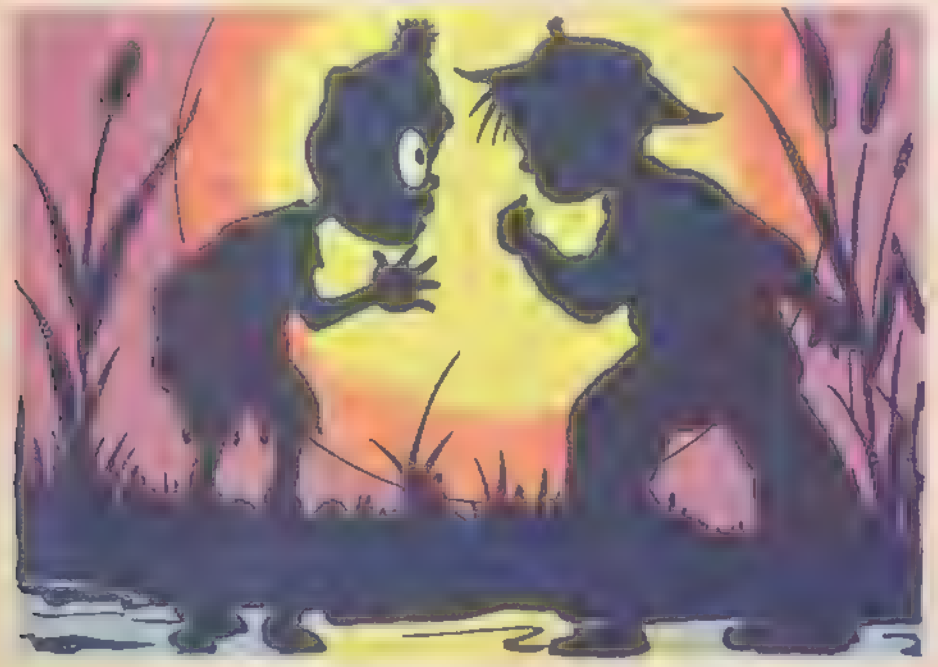
"Sure thing," Peter cried, jumping off the fence—"and can Watson be in on it too?"

"Well, boys, it seems Farmer Brown had a horse stolen night before last and by jeminy we can't find a trace of him," said the Sheriff.

Peter walked along beside the Sheriff and Watson and Nosey followed closely behind.

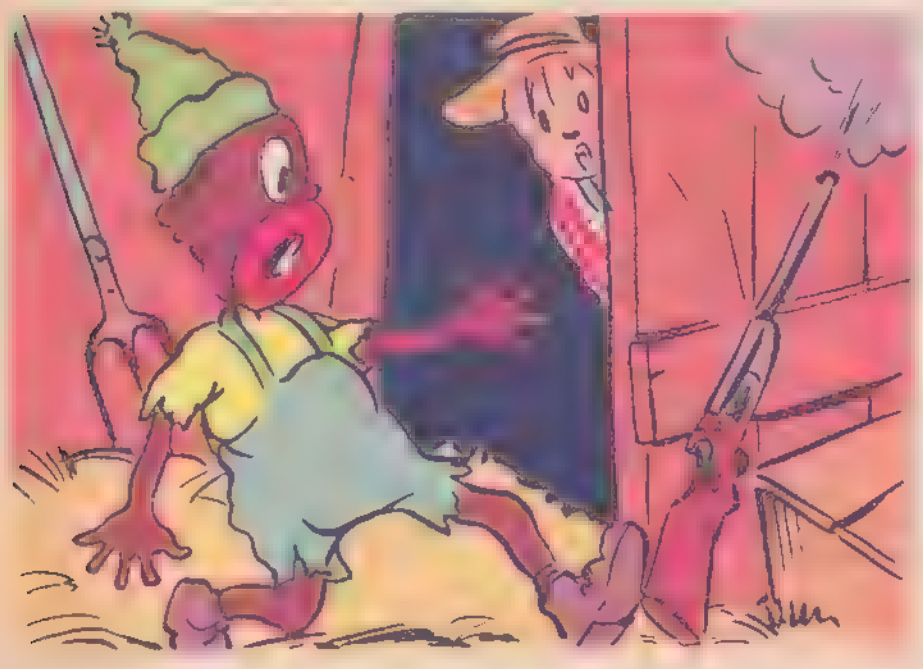
"Brown says it's the best horse he owned even if he did limp a bit," continued the Sheriff.

That night Peter and Watson crept along the soft banks of the river on a secret mission. Three deep hoof prints and one faint one showed plainly in the light of the lantern Watson carried.



"You is good and sure they is no crocodiles in dis here river?" he asked Peter.

"Keep your mind on horses," Peter whispered.



The trail led them to an old barn. They pushed back the door as quietly as possible and went in. Bang! A gun was fired and almost scared poor Watson out of his shoes. He jumped into the nearest stall and hid behind a white horse.

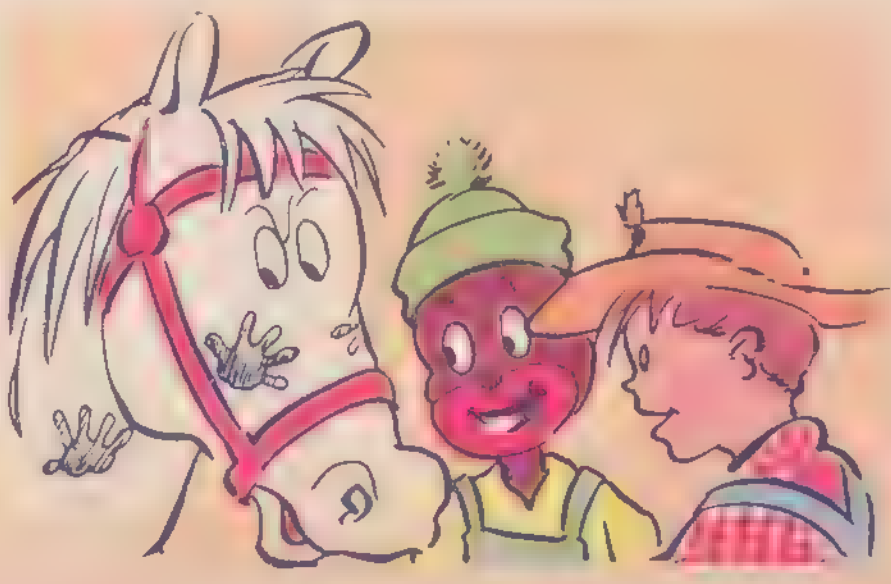
When all was quiet again Peter stole around and examined all the horses but not one of them answered the description the Sheriff had given him of Farmer Brown's horse.

"Come on, Watson. That horse isn't here. I guess I missed my bet that time!" Peter said feeling discouraged.

Watson crept out from his hiding place and when they lit the lantern again Peter burst out laughing.

"Well, you solved this mystery all alone, Watson. Take a look at your clothes and that white face! There's the horse we're looking for all right! They painted him white! Wait until the sheriff hears this—but come along I've got plenty of work to do before morning. We're going to give him a bath. . ."

Continued next month



Wise Quacks

Edited by Donald Duck

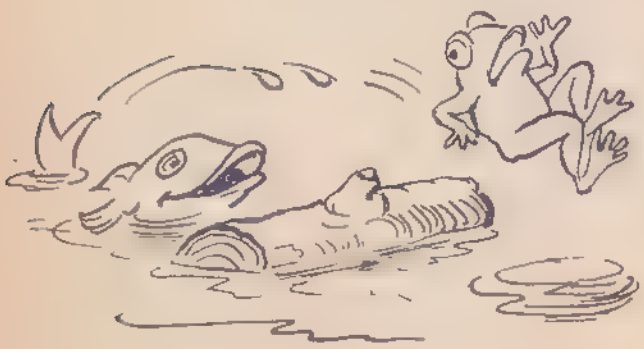
TWO POLICEMEN were riding along their regular route in a radio car when they received the following announcement:

"Calling all cars! Calling all cars! Look out for two men riding down Main Street in four-door sedan Ford car. License number X2489. Dangerous. Further details will be found in your local newspaper!"

Bruce Cole
Ashland, Ky.

Who dat dark thing following me? My shadow? Dat's me!
Who dat looking round the corner? My Shadow? Dat's me!
Who dat peeping in dat door? My shadow? Dat's me!
Who dat stealing apples off dat tree? My shadow! Not ME!

Patricia Beatty
Chicago, Illinois
Age 10



There was a little frog
And he was sitting on a log,
A fish came along and struck him with his fin,
Then the little frog fell in.

Betty Jenny Nicolosi
Sacramento, Calif.
Age 10

Mother: No, you can't have any more cookies tonight. Don't you know that you can't sleep on a full stomach?

Bobby: Well, I can sleep on my back.

Dorothy Kilch
Decatur, Illinois

A little boy brought his dog to a baseball game and the man at the gate said,

"Sorry, little boy, but you can't take your dog in."

"Aren't the Bears playing the Lions today?" asked the boy.

"Sure," the ticket man said.

"Well, one more animal won't matter will it?" the boy asked brightly.

Dickie Price
Chicago, Illinois
Age 8

Send your joke in today—which is your permission for us to print it—and don't forget to give your name, address and age. You may win a prize! Address your letter to DONALD DUCK, Editor, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York City.

IN THE olden days when someone wanted to write a letter, he would have to go to a postoffice. There he would dictate his letter to a man who could write, because very few people knew how to write then.

One day a lady walked into the postoffice and asked for a letter-writer. When she had given her letter to a man who wrote it for her, she added:

"P. S. Please excuse the bad writing!"

B-Mapier Simpson, Jr.
Ontario, Canada
Age 13

Teacher: Can anyone tell me how iron was first discovered?

Willy: Yes, I can.

Teacher: Good, explain it please.

Willy: I understood my father to say they smelt it.

Nancy Bump
Wausau, Wisconsin
Age 12

THE HEART OF THE JUNGLE

Continued from page 13

attacking the native herds, and the men were unable to fight them very well, because their only weapons were spears. Livingstone suggested that they should go out together, and he describes the adventure in his diary:

"We found the animals on a small hill covered with trees. The men formed round it in a circle, and gradually closed up as they advanced. Being below on the plain with a native schoolmaster named Mabalwe, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the ring.

"Mabalwe fired at him, and the ball hit the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog bites at a stick or stone thrown at him; and then leaping away, broke through the circle and escaped unhurt."

The natives became frightened and did not attack this lion, but later formed another circle. This time there were two lions in it. And once again, they both broke through and escaped.

Livingstone realized then that the men were too badly frightened to do any fighting, so they started back toward the village. But as they rounded a hill, he saw a lion, sitting beside a bush.

He took aim through the bush and fired both barrels of his rifle.

"He is shot. He is shot," cried the men.

And they wanted to run forward but Livingstone held them back. He saw that the lion's tail was erect, and that he was fierce and angry.

"Stop a little, till I load again," he said quietly.

In those days guns were much more difficult to handle than they are now. The bullet had to be rammed in, and as Livingstone was busy re-loading, he heard a shout.

He looked up and saw the lion, just as the beast was springing on him.

"He caught me by the shoulder," wrote Livingstone, "and we both came to the ground together. Growling horribly, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat."

The wonderful thing about it, and the thing that greatly impressed Livingstone was that he felt no pain. He said afterwards that he was perfectly conscious of what was happening, and yet he had a dreamy sensation. He did not seem to be suffering, and he wasn't afraid.

Livingstone thought that perhaps this is true of all persons and animals who are attacked. The first shock dulls their feelings, so that they do not suffer when they are torn to pieces.

As he lay there, with one of the lion's huge paws on his head, he turned to relieve himself of the weight, and saw that the beast was watching Mabalwe.

This native also had a gun, and fired but both barrels missed. The lion seemed to realize his danger and left Livingstone to attack the native.

At that moment, another native whose life Livingstone had once saved, rushed forward and tried to spear the lion. The wild beast turned to attack him too. But luckily, the first bullets Livingstone had fired took effect, and the huge creature fell back dead.

The whole thing happened very quickly, and after it was over

Continued on page 28

SUSY'S FIRST PARTY DRESS

Is a big event in her life and worth making reasonable sacrifices to provide. It's hard to deny and pleasant to gratify her natural love for pretty clothes, and you can do so, easily, by this

PLEASANT WAY TO EARN MONEY AT HOME

Become a subscription representative for Mickey Mouse Magazine and your spare time can be made to earn cash to pay worrysome bills and to provide all sorts of longed for extras. Your neighbors and friends you see daily or a few telephone calls will start you in a business of your own that requires no capital. Everyone who loves a child is a good prospect for the magazine that "Makes a Child Happy an Entire Year for $1.00." This coupon will bring you full information—obey that impulse, mail it today.

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HAENSEL and GRETEL

Book of the Month

THE STORY OF HUMPERDINCK'S OPERA

Adapted by
ROBERT LAWRENCE

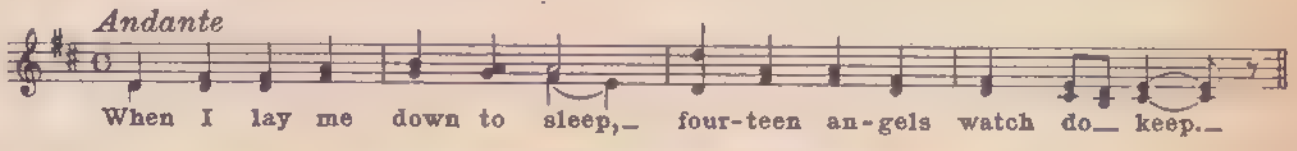
Illustrated by
MILDRED BOYLE

THE WITCH, the Sandman, the Dewman, and Gertrude and Peter and Haensel and Gretel are all here in the story of Humperdinck's opera, HAENSEL and GRETEL, adapted for children by Robert Lawrence.

You remember last year we reviewed "Carmen" and "Aida" on these pages. And now at last we have this favorite nursery legend presented with the same spontaneous charm as the others. You know the story, don't you, about two children lost in the woods and they come upon a small house with walls and a roof of candy and sweets and a little gingerbread fence all around. It is very tempting! But, alas, a bad old witch lives inside and she tries to bake Haensel in a large oven . . . !

As in the other books, important melodies from the music of the opera are given. There is the Children's Prayer and Gretel's song and the Sandman's song.

It is just as much fun as having an opera performed for you alone in your own home! The story is told in *acts* and, when you learn to know the music you can hum the themes as they appear in the story—for instance, the drowsy little song the children sing after the Sandman has disappeared:



Mildred Boyle, the artist, changes the scenes for you with beautiful, colorful illustrations, and draws the curtain with a decorative motive in black and white.

paring this book, which will guide you by its vivid text, gay pictures, and bits of music through the dark wood with Haensel and Gretel. As their story grows clearer, we know you will want to hear all the music the composer has written for them and you. But if within these covers you find the heart of the opera, the Guild will be glad that it has helped to point the way."

HAENSEL and GRETEL is published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York City, and costs fifty cents.

Every child will enjoy these stories of operas written especially for them. Each one is told, and the music explained in a charming simple manner that boys and girls will understand and love. And many parents will welcome this opportunity to instill an early appreciation of good music.

The Metropolitan Opera Guild of New York are sponsoring these books for young people and this is the way they introduce *Haensel and Gretel*:

"Unlike many other pleasant things, the more we know about opera, the more exciting it becomes. And so the Guild has been glad to help in pre-

"Fourteen angels watch do keep."

THE HEART OF THE JUNGLE

Continued from page 25

Livingstone tended to make light of it. He probably would not have mentioned it at all, had it not been that the lion's attack made it necessary for him to get an artificial joint in his arm.

THIS incident and many others taught Livingstone a lot about the jungle beasts. He never admired the lion as much as some other animals, and was doubtful of its right to be called the King of Beasts.

He admitted that the sound of a lion's roar in the dead of night, especially during a thunderstorm, was frightening. But he pointed out that the roar of an ostrich was very much like it. In fact, it is hard for someone who is not familiar with the jungle to tell the difference between the two. But who's afraid of an ostrich?

LIVINGSTONE also described a hippopotamus hunt. If you have looked at the giant hippo wading sluggishly in his pool at the Zoo, you may think of him as a slow, stupid beast. But in the jungle, he is quite a fighter.

The natives went after the hippopotamus in canoes, two men in each boat. They glided softly over the water, hoping to come upon the beast while he was sleeping. And perhaps because of the excitement, perhaps because they were afraid of disturbing their prey, they never spoke during the fight. If they had something to say, they made signs to each other.

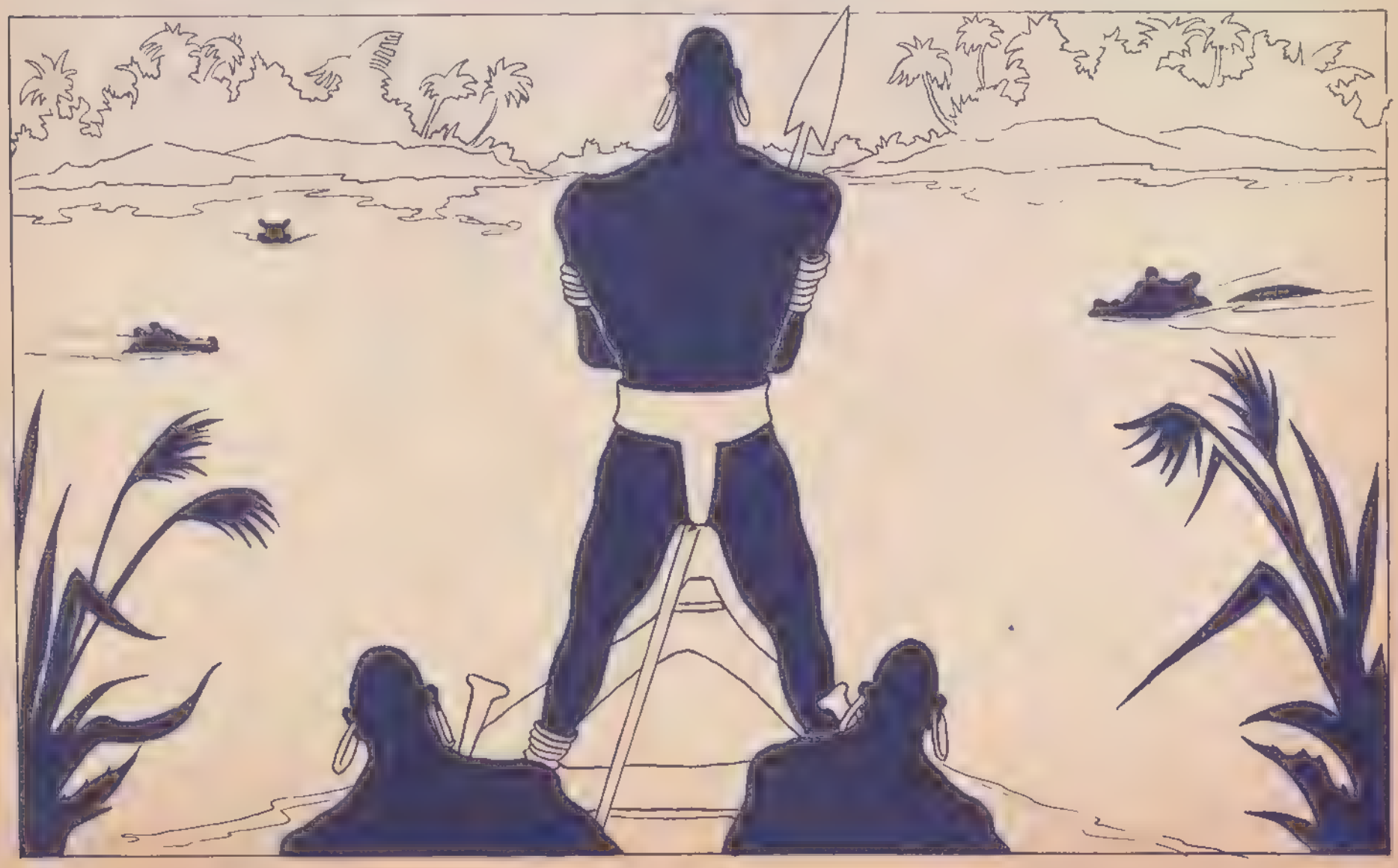
The man in the bow stood erect, his harpoon in his hand. When the canoe was fairly on top of the hippopotamus, he plunged his weapon into the tough hide with all his might, hoping to reach the animal's heart.

When the huge jaws opened above the water, a second harpoon was thrown. And at the same moment, the natives paddled their canoe backwards. If the hippopotamus gave one kick of his hind legs it would smash the boat to pieces. Then their only chance of escape was to leap overboard and swim underwater to the bank of the river. While the hippo destroyed the canoe and looked for them on the surface, if they were lucky they could slip ashore and disappear among the reeds.

But Livingstone was not a big game hunter. He came to preach, to teach and to explore. And he never forgot the importance of his work.

ONE DAY while he was living in the jungle, news reached him that the chief of a tribe on the far side of the desert wanted to see him. This chief was a great warrior. He had gathered together a number of tribes and united them to stand against the Boers.

Livingstone was eager to make the journey to meet this chief. The fact that the desert was full of dangers, so that even the natives were unwilling to cross it, did not deter him. Nor did he consider the difficulties such a journey would present for his wife and small children. He was deter-



mined to go ahead. Nothing could stop him.

The journey lasted for thirty-three days. And some of those days they had no water at all to drink. During the trip, Livingstone discovered lands untravelled by white men, but he did not reach the neighboring Chief. He was forced to turn back.

The second trip was also unsuccessful, because the children became ill, and the natives also had fever.

But Livingstone tried a third time. And this time he reached the place where the Chief had come a hundred miles to meet him.

There was a great celebration and very soon Livingstone discovered he had a staunch friend in Chief Sebituane. They made many plans together. But unfortunately it was only a short time before the Chief became ill and died. Livingstone felt that he had lost a real comrade.

But he stayed on in that part of the country for some time, and discovered the great Zambesi River. And then he decided to return to the coast with his family and send them back to England.

After they had sailed he went back to the jungle, and was greeted with a chant by the natives:

"See the white man
See the Livingstone.
See the comrade of Sebituane.
See the father of Sekeletu.
He brings us peace.
He brings us rest.
We want rest.
We want sleep.
We want peace.
Give us these, O Livingstone."

Then the eighteen year old son of Sebituane came forward to greet him. The boy was very uncertain of his place as head of the tribe, because Mpepe, a relative, was eager to rule.

When Livingstone and the young Chief approached Mpepe's village, he rushed out, waving a battle-axe, and was followed by a number of his friends.

The Boy Chief did not wait to see what would happen, he turned and ran away as fast as he could. Livingstone followed him and urged him to call a council meeting.

"Perhaps if you talked things over," he said, "you and Mpepe could come to an understanding."

The boy shook his head. "Never! That man wishes to kill me," he replied.

But the explorer finally persuaded him, and the meeting was called.

Usually at a council no one bore arms, but Livingstone noticed that when Mpepe and his followers arrived, they had their weapons with them, and they did not lay them down.

When he rose to talk to them he felt the tenseness all around him. Now and then, a hand moved to rest upon the handle of a dagger, or a spear shaft tapped the floor. It was no use. The meeting could not be successful. So, in order to break it up, he turned to the Chief.

"I am tired," he said. "Show me my hut so that I may rest."

"Yes," answered the boy. "Come and I will show you."

They stood up and at that moment Mpepe sprang to his feet. He rushed forward to stab the Chief. But Livingstone had forseen what might happen. He threw himself between them and received the wound in his arm.

Mpepe's followers immediately deserted him. They felt that he had struck and missed. And Mpepe himself accepted the fact that his cause was lost. So the Boy Chief was hailed as ruler of the tribe.

Livingstone was well loved by Africans of many tribes. He was their doctor, their minister and their friend. Probably the main reason for his success in dealing with them, can be told in his own words: "From nothing I say will they learn as much as from what I am." And he set before them an example of honesty, fairness and courage.

MOTHER PLUTO

?

PLUTO

THE CHICKS HAPPILY FOLLOW THEIR ADOPTED "MOTHER," WHO PROUDLY LEADS THEM PAST THE BEWILDERED OLD ROOSTER.

QUWAWRK! SPT-T-- QUWULP?

THERE GOES THAT CHICK! HE IS ALWAYS LOOKING FOR TROUBLE!

ROWF-ROWF! ARF!

?

PEEP! PEEP!

CHIRP! PEEP!

WHAT AILS THEM NOW?

THAT BLACK ONE! HE'S GONE!

GRR-R-R!

YOU STAY HERE, YOU LITTLE MONKEYS!

PEEP-- PEE-E-EP!

I NEVER KNEW BEING A "MOTHER" WAS SUCH A JOB!

SPOTTY

THE GREEDY LITTLE PIGLET

ALTHOUGH LIVING IN THE VERY NICEST FARMYARD ANY PIG COULD ASK FOR, SPOTTY WAS NEVER SATISFIED! SO ONE DAY HE CRAWLED THROUGH A HOLE IN THE FENCE AND RAN AWAY!

HE TROTTED ALONG A LITTLE LANE THAT RAN ACROSS THE BIG WORLD OUTSIDE THE FARMYARD---

---HIS MIND BUSY WITH THOUGHTS OF FINDING A NEW HOME, WHERE A PIGLET COULD EAT AND EAT ALL DAY LONG---

---AND MAYBE PART OF THE NIGHT, TOO!

SPOTTY'S MOTHER HAD MISSED HIM, ESPECIALLY AT MEALTIME, WHICH WAS SO MUCH QUIETER AND MORE PEACEFUL THAN USUAL.

HE THOUGHT HE WAS AROUND THE FARMYARD SOMEWHERE AND SADLY WONDERED WHAT MISCHIEF HE WAS INTO.

IN THE MEANTIME, SPOTTY, HIS APPETITE GROWING WITH EVERY STEP, CAME SUDDENLY UPON A HUGE FIELD OF CORN---MILES AND MILES OF IT!

NOW FRESH GREEN CORN WAS SPOTTY'S SPECIAL DELIGHT AND HERE WAS FAR MORE THAN HE HAD EVER DREAMED OF!

WHEN HE FIRST BEGAN TO EAT, HE WORRIED A LITTLE ABOUT THE EARS THAT WERE TOO HIGH TO REACH.

BUT AFTER A WHILE HE WAS PRETTY SURE THAT THERE WOULD BE ENOUGH LOW ONES TO FILL HIM UP.

STILL LATER, IT OCCURRED TO HIM THAT HE OUGHT TO SAVE A FEW FOR TOMORROW, ANYWAY!

CONTINUED

MICKEY MOUSE

by

WALT DISNEY

OH DEAR! I HOPE THE OLD WHALE HASN'T GONE FOR GOOD!

SHE'S SPOUTING --A-COMING THIS WAY--- SHE'S A-COMING--OH, GAWRSH!

CALL IN THE MEN IN THE DORIES! NEVER MIND! DAD-BLAST THEM, THEY ARE CLEAN OUT OF EARSHOT!

DRAT IT! WHY DIDN'T THE FOOLS STAY WITHIN HAILING DISTANCE?

WHAT'S FOR THE HULLABALOO BY THE SAIL SHEEPS?

JUDGING BY ALL THE YELLING SOMEBODY MUST HAVE SIGHTED A FISH!

CAN YOU MAKE OUT WHAT'S DOING ABOARD THE SCHOONERS?

YES -- THEY ARE LOWERING BOATS-- WITH HARPOONERS IN THEM

AT THE SIGHT OF OLD BARNEY WAY BACK TO THE FISHING-GROUNDS THE ENTIRE FLEET PREPARES FOR ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE HIM.

IT'S NO USE! I CAN'T MAKE THEM HEAR ME!

UP ANCHOR! ALL HANDS TURN TO AND GET SHIP UNDER WAY!

WHAT'S THE IDEA? THE DAFFODIL HAS HOISTED HER ANCHOR --- SHE IS MOVING!

HE'S HEADING TOWARDS-- OH GAWRSH! OUR MEN IN THE ROWBOAT -- -- AND THEY DON'T EVEN SEE H.M!

OOM-PAH OOOOM-PA-PAAAH!!

JUMPING JERUSHA-- WE'RE GONERS!

SWISH!

PICK UP THOSE TWO MEN! THEY'RE HURT!

I'LL GET THEM SIR!

4-15

OOMP-PAH! PA-PA-PAH!!

WITH THE TWO INJURED MEN SAFELY ON BOARD THE DAFFODIL, THE OTHER BOAT CREWS ATTACK OLD BARNEY WITH HARPOONS.

IT'S HIM!

IT'S BARNEY!

WOW!!

QUICK--THE OARS! GET GOING

NO! THE HARPOONS! NOW IS OUR CHANCE!

4-28

HERE GOES!

OH-H-H! I DASSN'T LOOK!

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WITH THE HARPOON IN HIS TEETH, OLD BARNEY TOWS MICKEY'S BOAT ON A WILD RIDE SUDDENLY, THE ROPE BREAKS---!!

4-29

HOORAY! WE GOT HIM!

SHUCKS! HE'S GONE!

THE HECK HE IS! HE'S COMING RIGHT AT US! WATCH OUT!

QUICK, GOOFY! THROW HIM A FISH!

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No. 66 Fairchild Ranger "24"

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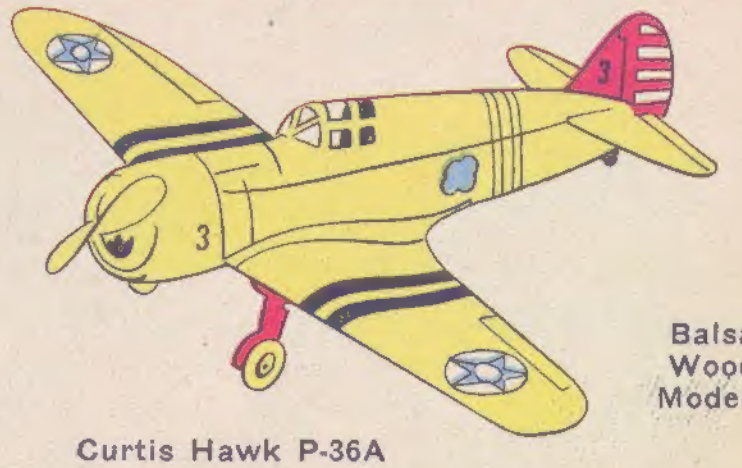

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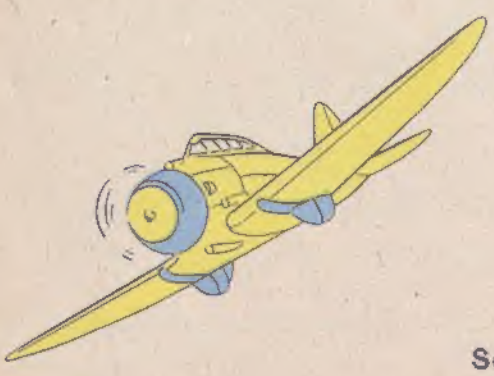

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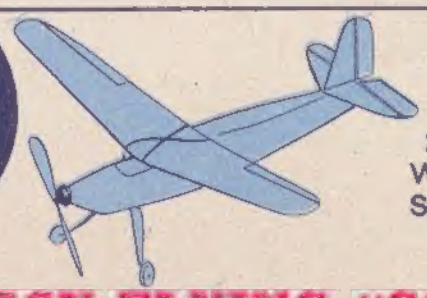

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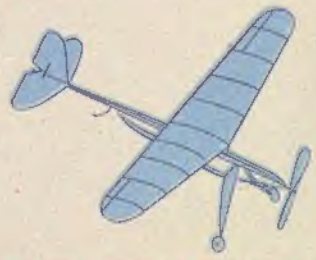

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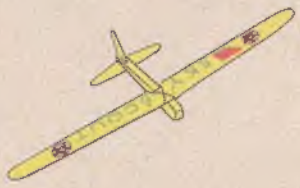

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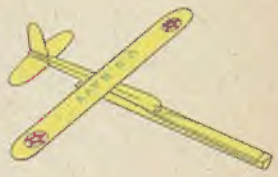

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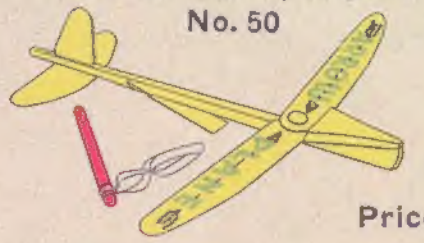

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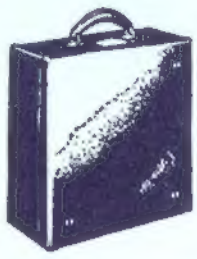

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